

NEW YORK HERALD

BROADWAY AND ANN STREET.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT, PROPRIETOR.

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AMUSEMENTS THIS EVENING.

- THEATRE COMIQUE, Broadway, between Essex and Linn.
OLYMPIC THEATRE, Broadway, between Houston and Eleventh streets—ALHAMBRA.
BOWERY THEATRE, Bowery—THE CARPENTER OF HOSEA—JACK LONG.
WOODS MUSEUM, Broadway, corner Thirtieth st.—WILD CAT.
NEW FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, 723 and 730 Broadway—ALICE.
GRAND OPERA HOUSE, Twenty-third st. and Eighth av.—CATACT OF THE GANGES.
ATHENEUM, No. 125 Broadway—GRAND VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT.
NIBLO'S GARDEN, Broadway, between Prince and Houston streets—LADY AND LOVER.
GERMANIA THEATRE, Fourteenth street, near Third av.—DAS MICHAMACHEN AUS SCHWEDENBERG.
UNION SQUARE THEATRE, Broadway, between Thirtieth and Fourteenth streets—ATHELSTAN OF CORNWALL.
WALLACK'S THEATRE, Broadway and Thirteenth street—BROTHER SAM.
BOOTH'S THEATRE, Twenty-third street, corner Sixth avenue—BRITISH, OR, THE FALL OF TARRIS.
MRS. F. B. CONWAY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE.
TONY PARTON'S OPERA HOUSE, No. 231 Bowery—VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT.
SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS, corner 26th st. and Broadway—13 THIRTIEN MINSTRELS, &c.
COOPER UNION HALL—LECTURE, "THE ASTRONOMICAL CONQUESTS OF THE SPECTROSCOPE."
ASSOCIATION HALL, 23d street and 4th av.—LACER, "FEMALE DRESS."
NEW YORK MUSEUM OF ANATOMY, 618 Broadway—FISHER AND ARD.

TRIPLE SHEET.

New York, Friday, Jan. 24, 1873.

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THE SPANISH EMANCIPATION MOVEMENT is progressing with great vigor and effect in Spain, as will be seen by our cable report from Madrid. The Committee of Cortes estimates the Porto Rico slave-owners' compensation money at one hundred and forty millions of reals. The great cause of freedom is indestructible.
THE PEOPLE OF BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND, have come out in support of the cause of emancipation in Cuba, and for the abolition of the African and Polynesian slave trade. The municipality of the town advocates the effort for freedom in the Spanish Antilles. This is encouraging for the Cubans. Birmingham has already given powerful and effective aid to the cause of modern enfranchisement in Great Britain, and her present missionary task may be just as successful.

Our Way, Means and Projects for Rapid Transit—The United Action of Our Citizens the First Necessity.
The West Side Association have evidently entered into the consideration of our ways, means and projects for rapid transit, into the city from the north end and out of the city from the south end, with an eye to business. At the meeting of this association the other evening Mr. W. R. Martin, in opening the proceedings, said, substantially, that the necessity of rapid transit is manifest; that it is appreciated and demanded on all sides; that in every direction we find some new reason for it; that nobody is opposed to it, that everybody wants it; but that, first, money is required to build the road; next that the road must pay in order to secure the money to build it; that capital demands the best route and a plan of construction that will not cost too much, and that the material points to be considered, therefore, are the best route and the best plan in reference to cheapness and general utility.
The chairman of the West Side Association then boldly takes the ground that the best route for the rapid transit, desired by the great body of our city population, is the route of Broadway to some point up town, and thence the route of Third or Fourth avenue for the east side of the city and of Eighth avenue for the west side. On Broadway Mr. Martin thinks an underground road would be the best plan, and that on the avenues aforesaid the Gilbert or some other elevated road would answer. The Central Underground road, we are informed, has been dropped, because it was not an attractive route to capitalists. In short, from the proceedings of this west side meeting, representing twenty millions in real estate, we infer that its ultimatum is an underground railroad on Broadway, say to Union square, and thence an east side elevated road on Fourth avenue to Harlem; next the continuation of the Broadway Underground road to the junction with Eighth avenue at Central Park, and thence a west side elevated road along that avenue to High Bridge.
But other plans have been and are proposed that are worthy of consideration—such as the plan for a single elevated track, upon which the trains will go continually round the circle of the city. This plan has at least the recommendation of cheapness in its favor; but it does not meet the demand. There is another plan, however—that of a double track elevated road on each side of the city—which does meet the demands of each side in both directions; but then the centre is neglected. Another plan is that of an elevated road of four tracks right through the centre of the island, from end to end. In support of each of these schemes the underground or overground steam lines of London, or the suburban roads on the ground, have been referred to as practical successes in favor of this or that project or the other. Doubtless any one of these projects, if carried through, would be a great relief to the city; but "while the grass grows the horse starves." While we are waiting for this relief our increasing difficulties in getting down to business from up town in the morning and in getting home again in the evening are making it more and more convenient for business men to establish their homes on Long Island, on Staten Island, in Jersey, in Westchester or in Connecticut. At the same time and on this point the facts and statistics of the marvellous increase in the value of real estate in half a dozen counties over in Jersey during the last seven years are very instructive. At the same time, we say, the evil effects of our heavy taxations on bonds and mortgages are driving capital by hundreds of millions from this island.
The relief, therefore, in rapid transit demanded for the city is immediate relief as well as permanent relief, and the more urgent necessity is immediate relief. We agree, with Mr. Darling, that we must have security for life and property in this city; that we can and must attract capital here and build up the greatest metropolis in the world; that for this purpose we want rapid transit and must have it, no matter how we get it; that if private capital cannot be procured to build the steam lines required to this end the city should build them. That is a most important point in this matter; it should build them. Mr. Darling further suggests that agitation is the one thing that will bring us rapid transit, and that meetings of the citizens should be held regularly to bring about the desired results.
Agitation, however, in spasmodic meetings of East Side and West Side associations, each pulling, like the horses of a balky team, in a different direction, will accomplish nothing. We have had a pretty active agitation on this subject for several years, and what has it accomplished? Nothing. What is the prospect at this time for a bill or bills at Albany that will give us the facilities needed for rapid transit within less than ten years? It is anything but encouraging. What is the first essential towards legislative action at Albany in behalf of rapid transit which, within five, three or two years, or even within one year, will secure it? The unity of the property-holders and business men of the city, east side, west side and centre, in the recommendation of some common plan of relief, combining, if you please, immediate and permanent measures. Immediate relief may require merely temporary facilities. Very good. Why not provide them, in conjunction with a permanent system, and by the city, for the common relief of its taxpayers?
But as the unity of the city is the first essential to practical relief the question recurs, How can we gain this object? Not by antagonistic east side and west side associations, nor by underground and overground companies, each with their little bills buttonholing our legislators of the rural districts in the Albany lobby. Such conflicting counsels and schemes only knock their heads against each other and defeat each other. What, then, is the proper course to pursue in order to secure something like the united voice of the city in favor of some specific scheme of rapid transit? Not much over a year ago, with the unearthing of the abominations of the Tammany Ring, the question, "What are you going to do about it?" was at first very perplexing. But soon there followed a general uprising for city reform, which, availing itself of the best means at hand, carried everything before it. What we have gained in real reform so far may not be much; but, as the continuance of the dominant party in power in the city and State depends greatly upon

a new city charter of practical reforms from our present Legislature, we have some hopes of such a charter from this Legislature before its final adjournment. In any event, through a general uprising of our honest citizens in favor of city reform, that corrupt King, which was supposed to be all powerful in the city and State, has been dislodged, and a revolution in the city has been accomplished which has revolutionized the State.
So much for the union and co-operation of our honest citizens of all parties in the cause of city reform. Let us have a union of this sort among our city property-holders, taxpayers and men of business of all parties and all sections of the island in behalf of rapid transit. Let a strong committee, representing our different Assembly districts, be appointed to submit to the Legislature some common scheme of rapid transit, embracing immediate and permanent relief, and we shall secure the bill. The first step in this direction is, of course, a general meeting of citizens—east side, west side, centre, north end and south end—to consult together upon some general plan of operations. The subsequent stages in the movement can only be shaped from meeting to meeting as the work progresses. But it is said that the property-holders of the central districts of the city are indifferent or opposed to all these schemes of rapid transit. If so, they need only a little enlightenment to convince them that their interests are identical with those of the property-holders of the east and the west side and of the north and south ends of the city. The whole city, in all its parts and in all its material and moral interests, will share in the good fruits of rapid transit upon a plan embracing the general relief of the island from its present obstructions and detentions in getting into and out of the mouth of our city funnel.
Meanwhile, we care not to enter into the discussions of the projects of east or west side associations, or underground, on the ground or aerial railroads, for, so long as this community is divided upon many schemes, so long, we fear, from the confusion and cross-purposes of the lobby and the Legislature, will all our rapid transit agitations be a waste of time, labor and expenses. As this business now stands, the united action of our citizens is the first necessity.
The Late Storm Holocaust in the Northwest—The Philosophy of Our Winter Climates.
The accounts published in the HERALD of the dreadful sufferings by the recent unparalleled snow storm or deadly polar wave in Minnesota and other Western States have excited a painful interest all over the country. They will naturally attract to that section a great deal of curiosity regarding its temperature and to the philosophy of our cold continental Winter climates generally. The climate of Minnesota, from the purity and dryness of its atmosphere, has been generally regarded as one admirably calculated to benefit those suffering from consumption and pulmonary complaints in their various stages. Recent experience demonstrates that if the very lowest degree of temperature, accompanied by the most terrific of snow tempests, are to be regarded as panaceas for such complaints, Minnesota is just the State, and a Minnesota Winter is just the climate in which the suffering patient can with certainty plunge himself—it is certain to kill or cure in a very brief period.
In connection with this terrible Arctic agitation in Minnesota it may not be uninteresting to mention a few striking facts. At the time of the Minnesota storm and subsequently the weather reports indicated intense and increasing cold in that State, and thence to Missouri, Ohio and over the Upper Lakes, the temperature ranging everywhere below zero in the Upper Valley of the Mississippi and attaining in Minnesota the fearful depression of forty-five degrees below zero, with northwesterly winds. At the very time when the mercury was falling so low in the Minnesota thermometers its readings over the Pacific slope, in California and Oregon and eastward to the Upper Missouri River and the one hundredth western meridian are astonishingly high—from fifty-five to seventy-five degrees higher than in Minnesota. It is a most important physical inquiry how it is that these vast aerial undulations, already traced to their cradle in the Pacific, should give warm weather to its American shores and their adjacent territories, while on their advance eastward beyond the Missouri they become intensely frigorific. A correct relief map of North America shows that the Continent is worked by two immense depressions. One of these is a longitudinal furrow, or deep gash, about one hundred and thirty miles wide, running northwestward from the Red River Valley all the way to the mouth of the Mackenzie River in the Arctic Ocean. The other is the vast elliptical basin of Hudson Bay, deeply scooped out. Both these continental hollows serve as receptacles or reservoirs for the cold air-waves which first appear on the North Pacific shores as warm and vaporous air moving eastward, but, subsequently condensed on the Rocky Mountains, tumble down as cold and snowless air into these two great continental troughs. From the westernmost of these, extending from Lakes Winnipeg and Manitoba to the Polar Sea, in whose central depression lies embosomed the chain of British American lakes, there issues the great river of torrential cold, which sweeps down the Upper Mississippi, and whose expanding stream finally spreads itself out in fanlike shape over the whole eastern half of the United States. The ice-clad entourage of Hudson Bay and its solid sheet of ice sustain in Winter enormous columns of refrigerated air, which, whenever the barometer falls in Canada or the United States southward, begins to pour forth thither in floods of cold, and also, doubtless, feeds itself to the storm-breeding Gulf Stream regions lying far to the southeastward. The climatic agencies of these great receptacles of Winter temperature—not unlike the fabled Eolian Cave of the Winds—have been scarcely ever, if at all, noticed by geographers or meteorologists; but they exert an influence upon the continental climate quite as marked as that of the great magazine of tropic air banked up in the Gulf of Mexico.
These facts strikingly demonstrate the climatology of the far Northwest and the Pacific States and Territories, on whose golden shores civilization will, in all proba-

bility, erect some of its proudest fabrics and most enduring monuments of power and wealth; for, while long supposed to be too inhospitable for a numerous population, these remote sections are blessed with a marine climate less rigorous than that of our lake-bordering and Eastern States and incomparably finer than that of Canada. Indeed, a traveller who should ride across the Continent from San Francisco or Portland, Oregon, on the parallel of either of these cities would pass by gentle stages from Summer to Winter temperatures.
The Disaster in the English Channel.
In our news columns of this morning will be found a report of a terrible disaster which took place in the English Channel on Wednesday night. It is a sad story, but it is easily told. An emigrant ship, named the Northfleet, with four hundred and twelve passengers on board, exclusive of the crew, sailed from the Thames a few days since. The ship was bound for Australia. About midnight on Wednesday, off Dungeness—a jutting promontory on the coast of Kent—the Northfleet was run into by an unknown foreign steamer. The collision proved fatal to the Northfleet, which was cut to the water's edge. Of the four hundred and twelve passengers, not speaking at all of the crew, only eighty-five persons are supposed to have been saved. The most painful feature of the whole affair is that the steamship, which might have rendered assistance to the unfortunate vessel and her still more unfortunate passengers, proceeded on her course, leaving the sufferers to their fate. Naturally enough, the scene on board the emigrant ship after the collision was alarming in the last degree. The passengers, most of whom were in their berths and asleep at the moment, rushed on deck and wildly and vainly fought for life. The agony of the situation was aggravated by the disorderly conduct of the crowd on board. The Captain, strange to say, lost his temper, and, finding words useless, fired upon the terror-stricken people, some of whom were wounded, and one man is said to have been killed. As we have said, it is a sad, sad story. It adds another to the many tales of horror associated with the deep. The steamship which worked all the misery, and which with Satanic indifference held on her way, must be found out. The Captain of that vessel, whatever his name and whatever his nationality, has much to answer for; and unless he can explain what seems inexplicable he had better find his way as quickly as possible to parts unknown. If the interests of trade and the demands of employers have made sailors, who enjoy the reputation of being kind-hearted, indifferent to the value of human life on the high seas, our boasted modern civilization has reached a point of wickedness worse a thousandfold than we had deemed possible. The Yokohama affair was bad, very bad; this Northfleet business is worse, infinitely worse. The Captain of the unfortunate vessel must surely have lost his senses when he fired upon the passengers. Captains of passenger ships ought to have cool as well as clear heads. How differently the London was managed, some seven years ago, when she went down with her living freight in the Bay of Biscay! This disaster demands investigation, and it ought to result in better laws more effectively enforced.
The Court of Appeals on the Car-Hook Murder.
Public security and the protection of life against unbridled passion have received a most valuable service in the decision of the Court of Appeals denying a new trial, to Foster, the car-hook murderer. Counsel for the prisoner on his trial asked the Court to charge the jury that upon the indictment and evidence the prisoner could be convicted of murder in the second degree. The Court decided that such conviction was not warranted by the evidence, and so instructed the jury. Under the Revised Statutes one definition of the crime of murder was "the killing of a human being without authority of law, when perpetrated without any design to effect death, by a person engaged in the commission of any felony." By the amendment of 1862 all cases embraced in this definition, except where the first degree of arson was intended, were made murder in the second degree. Counsel urged that the jury might find, as a matter of fact, that Foster in striking Putnam upon the head with an iron bar—a blow which crushed the skull and caused death—only intended to commit the felony of mayhem, or maiming, and therefore the case would come under the definition of murder in the second degree by the amendment of 1862. Judge Andrews, in delivering the decision of the Court of Appeals, shows that breaking the skull is not such a bodily harm as is defined by our or the English statutes as mayhem. This decision is sustained by copious citations from reported cases. A judgment as to the intention of the culprit could only be formed from his acts. Every person is properly judged to intend the natural result of what he does. Death ensued, and was likely to ensue, from Foster's well-aimed, powerful blow. While it was proper for the jury to determine with what intent the blow was delivered, no man can, without doing violence to common sense, say that Putnam's assailant intended to fracture his skull without killing him. Had the blow been aimed at the arm and accidentally deflected so as to fall upon the head and crush it an intention to maim might perhaps be inferred. No such intention could by possibility be inferred from the proved facts. The verdict of the jury in effect finds that Foster aimed his blow at a vital part, using a weapon capable of inflicting a mortal wound, with such force as would naturally produce death. Wilful murder or murder in the first degree is the statute definition of such an act. All the exceptions of counsel to the rulings and charging of the Court were overruled by the Court of Appeals, which fully sustained the decision of the Court below. Under this decision murder remains murder, though it be not committed with an instrument specially named in the statute; and the man who slays his fellow by an unusual or chance weapon must expiate his crime equally with the ordinary culprit who kills his man with the fashionable revolver or the efficacious butcher knife. In the forcible language of the decision, "while no errors are trivial in the judgment involving life, it is to be remembered that the law of murder is designed for the protection of life from lawless violence." If our local Courts and prosecuting

officers faithfully perform their proper functions, in promptly trying and convicting the murderers who have lately made life in New York so cheap, we may count upon the Court of last resort to do its duty by refusing new trials and unwholesome delay of execution to convicted murderers. Our law has been framed to protect society by punishing crime, and our highest Courts have not surrendered to the control of reckless malfeasors.
Death of William Cassidy, of Albany.
Mr. William Cassidy, the principal proprietor and editor of the democratic State organ, the Albany Argus, died at his residence in that city yesterday morning, after a brief illness. Mr. Cassidy was a forcible political writer, and was for many years one of the knot of democratic politicians which ruled the destinies of that party in this State and sometimes in the national conventions, and to which had descended the name of the "Albany Regency," formerly enjoyed by Crosswell and his associates. The principal members of this clique were Dean Richmond, Peter Caggegrand, William Cassidy, and the last of the trio has now passed away. The power they wielded in the party was mainly due to the fact that none of them were aspirants for office. Mr. Cassidy was, indeed, the only one who ever held any public position, and his services to the State were confined to constitutional conventions, of two of which, including that now in session, he had been a member. He lived long enough to see the party in whose cause he had labored so assiduously, and to many of whose victories he had contributed, as a political organization. The Albany managers of the democracy held their rule through the power of the party in the State. For some years they had been in conflict with the leaders from the city of New York, who had aspired to control the State policy and nominations, and up to the time of Dean Richmond's death they had generally carried off the victory. After the loss of their chief the strength of the city patronage became too great for them, and the management of the "state" passed out of their hands. It is proper to state, however, that the Albany clique sided with the Tammany leaders during the divisions in this city, and did much to build up the old Tammany Ring by conceding to that branch of the party the advantage of recognition as the regular organization. It was only when Tweed and his associates grew overbearing in the State through the power of their plunder in the city that the Albany leaders renounced the Tammany Ring. It was then too late. The glaring corruptions in the municipal government and the debauching of Legislatures after Legislature had been fatal to the prospects of the party, and the democracy was totally destroyed as a political organization.
Mr. Cassidy's active career as a journalist covers the history of his party from the time of the quarrel between Cass and Van Buren and the division of the New York democracy into the Hunker and Barnburner factions. The deceased journalist had studied law in the office of John Van Buren, then of Albany, and they became warm personal friends. Edwin Crosswell was editing the old Albany Argus, which was established in 1813, and no person was found able to cope with that experienced politician in political controversy. Mr. Cassidy first wrote articles for two Albany papers of little note, and his pointed and forcible style speedily attracted attention. The Van Burenists purchased the Atlas, which was started by Cornelius Wendell, and put Mr. Cassidy into that journal as editor. Before long the Atlas surpassed the Argus in circulation and influence, and Crosswell retired from the latter paper. The war was kept up vigorously by the Atlas until the reunion of the democratic factions took place, when the two rival democratic organs became consolidated under the name of the Atlas and Argus. Subsequently the former title was dropped and the paper was made a joint stock establishment, retaining the old name of the Argus. It has been a prosperous concern, mainly through the profitable character of the State printing, which has proved sufficient to support all the leading political papers at the capital, independent of circulation, and which the organs of the two parties generally manage to divide up between them, the one in power for the time being taking the lion's share and giving its opponent sufficient to keep it silent on the matter of plunder and jobbery.
As a sharp political writer Mr. Cassidy had, probably, few superiors. His style was caustic, and probably no greater contrast was ever presented between ability and mere political chicanery than was discoverable in his numerous controversies with Thurlow Weed, of the Albany Evening Journal. But Mr. Cassidy lacked application and earnestness of purpose. He seemed to regard political editing more as a sport than as a serious duty, and no person could appreciate more thoroughly than himself the hollowness and fraud of much of the political argument which he was, nevertheless, at all times prepared to use. His real ability as a writer cannot, however, be justly measured by his political writings. He had wit, brightness and polish in no ordinary degree, and he was a good classical scholar and a faithful reader. His taste led him to French literature, and in his sparkle and quickness of repartee he really belonged to the French school. His newspaper articles were peculiarly epigrammatic and were always readable. In a political controversy he was unscrupulous and merciless, and he sometimes indulged in sarcasm and personality at the expense of effectiveness and policy. His great failing, however, was want of that steady application so necessary in the editor of a daily newspaper. He would become tired of a subject, weary of a controversy, and would occasionally withdraw from it altogether, even in the heat of a campaign. He was brilliant and popular as an editor; he was a failure as a politician. In private life Mr. Cassidy was peculiarly gifted with attractive qualities, and the social circles of Albany, as well as political journalism, will not readily fill the blank occasioned by his death.
THE LEGISLATURE.—In the State Assembly yesterday Mr. Blumenthal introduced a good bill making it a misdemeanor to point firearms at any person, and making it a State Prison offence when shooting follows. The Bribery and Corruption Election bill was ordered to a third reading. Mr. Babcock introduced resolutions, which were laid on the table under the

rules, charging the late Superintendent of the Insurance Department with using his last annual report as a vehicle for self-defence and personal attack. A petition from several thousand Brooklynites, asking for an increase of pay for the Brooklyn police force, was presented.
THE FIVE PER CENT LOAN, so far as the placing of the remaining three hundred millions at the disposal of the Secretary of the Treasury is concerned, has been awarded in equal shares to the representatives of the two great banking firms that have been at war for the large profit to be realized on the Syndicate transaction. These firms are Jay Cooke & Co. and Morton, Bliss & Co. The profit amounts to one and three-quarters per cent in all, and is very money-making brokerage. Whatever objection was held to one banking house having a monopoly of the national business will now be met by saying that there are two on the road to fortune. To the undisciplined mind this will not seem a very great difference. That a wider range of facilities for putting the new loan on the market has been gained is, nevertheless, undoubted, and this is about all.
Quotations from Modern Murder Classics.
As the various peoples of the world in succeeding ages have built up forms of architecture which stamp the men and the era distinctively, so has language followed a similar though infinitely more gradual and delicate mutation. The history of civilization, architecturally, was more fully learned at an earlier date by the scientific inquirers than its history, philologically, because in observing the form and materials of a column, an arch, a dome or a wall it was not necessary to institute that deep comparison, comprehensive and minute at the same time, which the marvellous story of language demands. Anything which is linguistically distinctive, therefore, of a particular epoch, should in this age of enlightenment be sifted free from all husk and chaff and preserved for the use of posterity in neat form. Such is our intention in the present instance, so far as regards the vernacular of that popular branch of the community—our murderers. Ingenious people have collected the dying words of great and good men with a goody-goody object. This is not our particular weakness. Good men when dying may often give utterance to the keynote of their lives, but with a homicide we think it a nice psychological point that his keynote can best be taken at or about the time when he takes a life not his own. We do not propose going back to the time, about twenty years ago, of the murder of Bill Poole by Pandeen McLaughlin at Swanwick Hall. There is something very suggestive, however, in that case of an invitation to murderers of the future in his keynote as he fired his pistol:—"Now, boys, sail in!" We shall commence our quotations from the modern murder classics with that unfortunate prophet of the murderer's Arcadia, who learned in his person the disbelief that overtakes prophets generally in their own country:—
Hanging is played out in New York.—Jack Reynolds, Jan. 29, 1870.
Take that, you s— of a b—.—Michael McAlon, Aug. 24, 1870.
I shot him and I could not help it. I knew that something was going to happen. I dreamt I was a Prussian soldier and a lot of French were after me.—Valentine Reckel, Sept. 10, 1870.
You won't marry me and I'll kill you.—William Marsh, Sept. 16, 1870.
'T'll knock your d—d head off.—John Thomas (colored), Sept. 30, 1870.
I was very drunk, and do not remember anything of it.—George Woodruff, Nov. 28, 1870.
Now, I've got you.—Abraham Jones (colored), Jan. 1, 1871.
I saw him draw a pistol; I pulled mine and shot him.—Reddy the Blacksmith, Jan. 25, 1871.
I am going as far as you do, and when you get off I'll give you hell.—William Foster, April 26, 1871.
We have a case over there.—James McGawley, Aug. 28, 1871.
I'll settle with you.—Daniel Foley, Sept. 24, 1871.
There's a man shot at the ladies' entrance.—Edward Stokes, Jan. 6, 1872.
I was reported by him for violating the rules and was marked for it.—Justus Dunn, March 17, 1872.
Well, I don't know that he is any worse off now than I am.—James Burns, April 28, 1872.
I don't care if you cut my head off. I have done right.—Emile Andrie, June 13, 1872.
I've killed Margaret.—Thomas Cobb, July 3, 1872.
Bob, I didn't mean to shoot you.—William J. Sharkey, Sept. 1, 1872.
I did it with a knife, and then I threw the knife away.—Garrett Landers, Sept. 22, 1872.
I can kill any one that dares to cross my path.—John Scannell, Nov. 2, 1872.
King, you can have this (pistol).—James C. Ridge, Nov. 18, 1872.
I have shot my niece and am going to give myself up.—Robert P. Bleakley, Dec. 10, 1872.
Kill you! I'd kill you a dozen times if I could.—John E. Simmons, Dec. 16, 1872.
I will shoot you for this to-morrow.—Marshall McCruder, Jan. 19, 1873.
I told you I'd shoot you, and I did it, didn't I?—Marshall McCruder, January 20, 1873.
I just pulled out my pistol and shot him.—Michael Nixon, Jan. 21, 1873.
These, we imagine, should suffice for examples. They are barely one in six among the slaughters of the past three years; but there is much material for thought in these phrases that in each case are identified with a scene of violence, blood and death. There is no necessity for us supplementing these ejaculations with the stories of the murders themselves. The effect can be as simply and accurately reached by always bearing in mind that close to the time of utterance of these phrases, by night or by day, there could be found a lifeless form, a white face with a horrified look, a pair of stony staring eyes and one or more gaping wounds, with blood all clotted around their mouths. As in a mathematical proposition we may say, given the gory corpse of the victim and the murderer's phrase, it will then be easy to place the one in the proper relation of time to the other. But, like grim fate, we would keep that figure of the murdered before the public eye until the